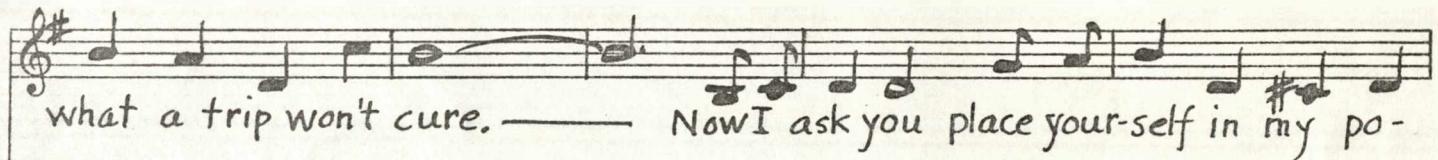
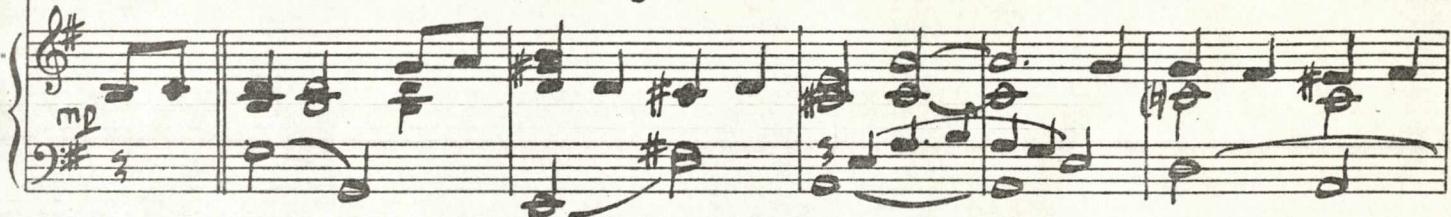
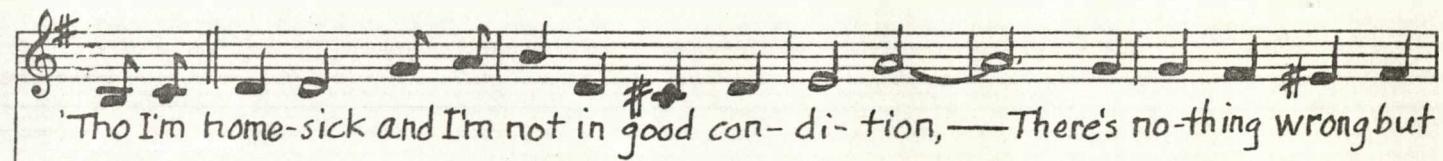


TERRE HAUTE

(BY THE WABASH FAR AWAY)

Words &
Music by JOHN F. KEELEY

Brightly, but not fast



CHORUS:



It's a-bout time that I wrote to the folks in Ter-re Haute, My home town by the



Wa-bash far a-way. — Where I lost my heart one night while the stars were shin-ing



bright, By the Wa-bash now so far a-way. — When I said good-bye to



June be-neath that Hoo-sier moon A night-in-gale sang soft-ly; seemed to say "Oh, come back



soon." So it's a-bout time that I wrote to the folks in Ter-re Haute, And my



sweet-heart by the Wa-bash far a-way. — It's a-way. — 8va

